

The Tragedy of Hamlet

To lay our service freely at your feet.

King Thanks *Rosencraus* and gentle *Guildestern*.

Que. Thanks *Guildestern*, and gentle *Rosencraus*.

And I beleech you instantly to visit

My too much changed sonne : goe some of you

And bring these Gentlemen where *Hamlet* is.

Guil. Heavens make our presence and our practices
Pleasant and helpfull to him.

Queen. Amen.

Exeunt Ros. and Guil.

Enter Polonius.

Pol. Th'Embassadors from *Norway*, my good Lord,
Are joyfully return'd.

King. Thou stil hast bin the Father of good newes.

Pol. Have I my Lord? I assure my good Liege

I hold my duty as I hold my soule,

Both to my God and to my gracious King:

And I doe thinke, or else this braine of mine

Hunts not the trayle of policie so sure

As it hath us'd to doe, that I have found

The very cause of *Hamlets* lunacie.

King. O speake of that, that doe I long to heare.

Pol. Give first admittance to the Embassadors,

My newes shall be the fruit to that great feast.

King. Thy selfe doe grace to them, & bring them in.

He tels me, my deare *Gerirud*, he hath found

The head and source of all your sonnes distemper.

Quee. I doubt it is no other but the maine,

His fathers death, and our hastie marriage.

Enter Embassadors.

King. Well, we shall first him : welcome my good friends :

Say *Voltemand*, what from our brother *Norway*?

Pol. Most faire returne of greetings and desires :

Upon our first he sent out to suppress

His Nephewes levies, which to him appear'd

To be a preparation 'gainst the *Pollackes*,

But better lookt into, he truly found

It was against your Highnesse ; whereat griev'd

That so his sicknesse, age, and impotence

Prince of

Was falsly borne in hand,

On *Fortenbrasse*, which he

Receives rebuke from *Norway*

Makes vow before his uncl

To give th'assay of armes a

Whereon old *Norway* over

Giveshim threescore thou

And his Commission, to im

So levied as before, against

With an entreaty herein f

That it might please you to

Through your dominions f

On such regards of safety an

As herein are set downe.

King. It likes us well,

And at our more considere

Answer, and thinke upon t

Meane time we thank you f

Goe to your rest, at night w

Most welcome home.

Pol. This businesse is we

My Liege and Madam, to e

What majestie should be, v

Why day is day, night nigh

Were nothing but to waste

Therefore brevitie is the fo

And tediousnesse the limbe

I will be brieve : your noble

Mad call I it, for to define t

What is it but to be nothing

But let that goe.

Quee. More matter with

Pol. Madam I sweare I u

That hee's mad 'tis true, 'ti

And pittie 'tis 'tis true, a fool

But farewell it, for I will use

Mad let us grant him then,

That we finde out the cause

Was